Volume XCVI No. 12 May 26, 1972 40 cents

commonweal

ESCALATION

ST. CHARLES SEMINARY LIBRARY
CARTHAGENA STATION, CELINA, OHIO

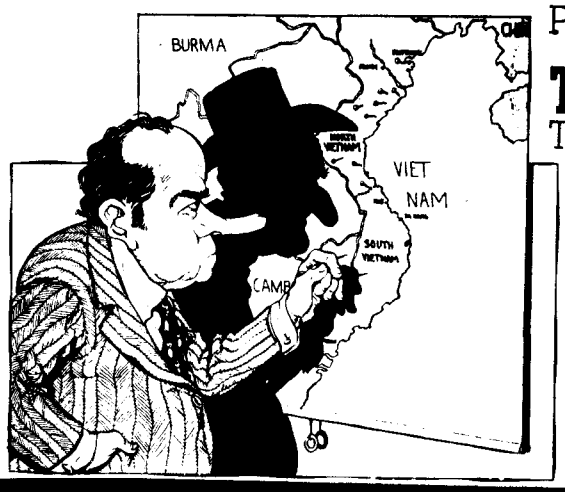
IMPEACH NIXON NOW
WILLIAM STRINGFELLOW

AN OPEN LETTER TO A BISHOP
PHILIP BERRIGAN

THE WHIMPER IN CONGRESS
JAMES MADISON

AGAIN INTO THE STREETS
PETER STEINFELS

THE REAL AMERICA
THE EDITORS



A-79994 12-72
ST CHARLES SEMNRY LIB
CARTHAGENA STATION
CELINA OH 45822

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEWS & VIEWS

Harrisburg Post-Mortems

The final issue of the Harrisburg Defense Newsletter, which one might have expected to ring with celebration, was surprisingly subdued and at times laced with reservations.

The outcome was "a clear, sweet, meaningful victory," the newsletter remarked, but it was also "flawed"—"flawed by the jury's giving way on the 'contraband' [letters] counts."

That was the first of the reservations.

The victory was "flawed also" because much of the press, "particularly papers depending wholly on the Associated Press," distorted the verdict story by playing the letters' convictions of Philip Berrigan and Elizabeth McAlister on a par with the jury deadlock on the conspiracy count, which was the heart of the case.

"An AP story the following day acknowledged that the contraband counts were 'peripheral,' " the newsletter remarked. "But by that time lots of papers across the country—relying on the way AP's Lee Linder wrote his lead, and on the *maximum* penalties that could be assessed against Liz and Phil on the letters' counts—had headlined the convictions rather than the hung jury."

Also taking some of the glow off the victory was "the relative reticence of those of the jurors who voted with the majority for acquittal, compared with the outraged volubility of juror Lawrence Evans, one of the two who held out for conviction."

Because Evans talked "so soon, so much and so bitterly," the newsletter commented, "many second-day stories were full of his vindictive comments on the defendants and on his fellow jurors, so that the full extent of the government's failure was partly obscured."

Nevertheless, said the newsletter, Harrisburg "wasn't a minor victory."

"The basic facts remain, and despite his post-verdict bravado Prosecutor Lynch is painfully aware of them, as are his cohorts in the Justice Department and the White House:

"The government spent at least a year and a half putting this case together. It assigned a high-level prosecutor. It spent freely; the *lowest* estimate we've seen is $1.5 million. It chose a conservative, anti-Catholic, unawakened community as the scene for the trial, and in the bargain got a timid, mediocre judge whose every instinct favored the establishment. Along with all that, the government had the advantage of the law itself, the conspiracy statute, an instrument ideally fitted for repressive purposes—a law that all but defies understanding by 'laymen,' and which all but destroys the presumption of innocence."

Despite all this, and despite the fact that the defense elected not to present any rebuttal to the government's case, the government lost. The disbelief among the press corps was widespread, the newsletter commented. "Most reporters thought a conviction was likely, but only one or two out of 40 thought it was deserved."

The newsletter thus closes the book on the formal trial (post-trial hearings and appeals remain), but not before adding "in candor" that "there is room for further analysis of Harrisburg, not all of it celebratory or exultant."

Here the newsletter cites a distinguishing point made by Ted Glick between the unquestionable *legal* victory that was won and the not-so-obvious *political* effects of the trial.

"It can be argued," commented the newsletter, "that neither the defendants nor the attorneys nor the [Harrisburg Defense] Committee wholly succeeded in tying the trial to the war, or to imperialism, or even to the overall pattern of repression. Nor is there much hard evidence to suggest that masses of people were powerfully attracted to resistance as a way of life."

The newsletter does not analyze these effects—only says "it's necessary to take note of them in order to temper elation with realism."

"But that process, too, can be carried too far," the newsletter concluded. "There were political gains registered, political points made; some things worked."

The Harrisburg assessment was unsigned, but it had about it the unmistakable ring of Robert Hoyt, late of the *National Catholic Reporter,* who helped coordinate press relations for the Defense Committee.

(Hoyt is now back in New York, devoting his time to "thinking and writing." His future is what the future will be, he tells people.)

The Viet Churches

Just before the Nixon escalation of May 8, the Vietnamese "Movement of Catholics for Peace" issued a statement on the role of the churches in Vietnam. Mr. Nixon apparently has removed from Vietnamese what last influences they have over their own destiny. The statement is therefore more poignant than it is relevant. But it is still interesting.

The statement accuses organized religions in Vietnam of having "committed grave errors in thinking they could promote their influence and their development only through temporal means and political power." The disaster has been threefold:

1) The churches have been transformed into political powers or into instruments specially utilized for imperialist aims. In that way religion has become a camouflage for hateful conflicts of interest.

2) Reflecting political interests, the Vietnamese churches could not help becoming antagonistic forces among themselves. Therefore their reconciliation and cooperation are impossible so long as they deviate from their authentic role.

3) The churches have promoted anti-communism by their moral support, by the direct use of arms and by having their stance derive from their dogmatic position. In this way, becoming themselves participants in the conflict, they are no longer in a position to play any role of reconciliation . . .

The churches thus "must":

1) Cease to cut the figure of a political group and especially withdraw all support from anti-communist groups.

2) Openly declare that every citizen has the right to make his own choice and reject that of others, but he cannot in the name of his faith act against the choices of his compatriots.

3) Not exclude socialism as a means of liberating men from oppression.

Odds and Ends

—At its recent meeting in Minneapolis, the National Assembly of Women Religious passed a resolution supporting the development of strategies which will enable nuns to enter all professions and phases of service "where they may serve society as peers with men." They particularly urged that women be ordained deacons in the Catholic church as "a step to full participation in the priesthood." There's something to keep establishment fires stoked for a while.

—A Congressional aide's comment on the passing of J. Edgar Hoover: "He sure leaves a big set of earphones to fill."

JOHN DEEDY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

Simian Rivalry

Ontario, Canada

To the Editors: Re Steinfels' "The Case of the Irish Ape" please try to understand this delayed response. Being of Irish descent I am naturally somewhat perturbed over Steinfels' reflections. But I am impressed by the profundity of his knowledge—of apes—to the extent of suspecting that his grasp of the primates is not entirely objective. As a fellow anthropologist I have a scientific interest in all these things and have just completed a protracted research on the Steinfels ancestry. Believe me it was not easy. It took 3 anthropologists, 2 genealogists, 1 physiognomist and several zoo keepers. The latter were most helpful.

Our conclusions: 1. It is not always possible to downgrade a nation, race or tribe by observation of physiognomical traits. The high cheekbone, common among Blacks, Orientals, Indians is often associated with real beauty, honesty, intelligence. Those Irish who have high cheek bones—I met one in Limerick in 1962—are not necessarily of a lower breed. I knew one of the editors of *Punch,* by the way, and if I were really looking for the missing link I would delve into his ancestors. So the editors of *Punch* may have been merely self-conscious when they attacked the Irish over their appearance. Isn't there a grave danger of racism in all this stuff? We scientists should be very cautious.

2. Re the Steinfelses: We conducted this research in an effort to understand the Steinfels preoccupation about ancestry and physiognomy. Please do not think that scientists of our caliber would do a thing like this merely through vindictiveness. I like to be compared with animals. I like animals. Well here is a quote from our report: "The Steinfelses, known also as Henfalls, Hunfels, Stenhuns and Hunstens were among the most recently civilized hordes of barbarians, noted for physi-

(Continued on page 294)

NEWS & VIEWS: 274 **CORRESPONDENCE: 275**
EDITORIAL: 275
THE WHIMPER IN CONGRESS: *James Madison* **277**
ONCE AGAIN INTO THE STREETS: *Peter Steinfels* **279**
IMPEACH NIXON NOW: *William Stringfellow* **280**
AN OPEN LETTER TO A BISHOP: *Philip Berrigan* **282**
THE SCREEN: *Colin L. Westerbeck, Jr.* **285**
BOOKS: *Edward T. Chase; Jack Gregory & Rennard Strickland; Francis X. Murphy; Elliott Wright; Victor C. Ferkiss*
ILLUSTRATIONS: *front cover, Uluschek,* Edmonton Journal, *Canada; Ben Roth Agency*

JAMES O'GARA: *Editor* JOHN DEEDY: *Managing Editor*
RAYMOND A. SCHROTH: *Assistant Editor* ANNE ROBERTSON: *Editorial Assistant*
PHILIP T. HARTUNG, COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.: *Movies* JOHN FANDEL: *Poetry*
BRIAN WICKER: *Great Britain* ALAIN WOODROW: *Paris*
HENRY TEN KORTENAAR: *Rome* JOHN HORGAN: *Dublin*
LOUIS MICHAEL COLONNESE: *Latin America*

EDWARD S. SKILLIN: *Publisher* JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

COMMONWEAL *A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature and the Arts.*
Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y.
Printed in the USA and published weekly,
except biweekly Christmas-New Year's and June to mid-September,
by Commonweal Publishing Co., 232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016
MUrray Hill 3-2042. *Copyright © 1972 Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc.*
US and Canada; $14 a year. Foreign $16. Single copies 40¢

THE REAL AMERICA

There are two current explanations of the Administration's behavior during the past two weeks. One is cynical, yet ironically reassuring. The other is more frightening. The first assumes that there is very little correspondence between appearances and events. According to this theory, the news reports of the rising Presidential tensions and temper, the repeated rhetoric of the schoolyard *machismo*, culminating in the mining of Haiphong, were all part of an elaborate charade, the playing-out of an agreed-upon scenario in which the Russians allowed us to challenge them successfully in exchange for other favors—whatever Russian has to gain from the summit meeting.

This theory assumes that both the United States and Russia are guided by teams of cool-headed, pragmatic, rational men and that these men, who have been in steady communications with one another, are much too smart to conceive of international relations in terms of playground fist fights or poker hands, too sophisticated to bring their nations eyeball-to-eyeball to give a good face to a lost cause.

This theory also clings to the hope that the real Nixon is not the unshaven, mud-slinging gutter fighter of the old Herblock cartoons, that beneath the bland and boring exterior is a master politician, a keen, detached intelligence, a private person who has "matured" and gained self-knowledge through adversity, a moderate and adaptable man whose true self is best expressed in his early promise to "bring us together."

Would that this were so! Most of the evidence supports the other analysis —that events in Washington, if not in Moscow, are truly out of control. As James Wechsler has written: "Surely future historians will view this interval—even assuming the least calamitous outcome—as a climactic delirium in the madness of the Vietnam war. The spectacle of superpowers even approaching the brink in these nuclear-shadowed days of May, 1972, is the ultimate caricature of the masterminds who rule our lives." In this context, the decision to mine the Haiphong harbor is all the more ludicrous when we realize how miserably our intelligence estimates, our Vietnamization program and the bombing have failed, and that the mining gambit had been rejected again and again by previous Administrations. In short, the President is trying to quiet a beehive with a fly swatter, while the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

North Vietnamese are simply trying to show us that, no matter what Nixon does, they are going to prevail. This confrontation also underscores the amorality and superficiality of the Administration's attempt to create the impression that the President, through his so-called "journeys for peace," was leading us into a new international Era of Good Feelings with the Russians and Red Chinese. Yet, it should not seem surprising that a man who could promise eternal fidelity to Taiwan and then initiate a policy that would expel Taiwan from the U.N. would also piously profess friendship for the Russian people while mining a harbor filled with Russian ships. Nor should it seem surprising that when the North Vietnamese plunged South armed with Russian equipment, our new friends the Red Chinese were cheering them on.

The pitfalls of summit diplomacy are evident enough. Summitry encourages the impression that the great forces that divide the world are not matters of deep principle or ideology, not questions of justice, nor the struggles of the downtrodden to seize freedom, hold farmlands or earn bread. Rather, says the summitteer, it's all a matter of personal relationships and political fixes. The bosses put their heads together—like medieval monarchs or gangland godfathers—and make an arrangement. Mr. Nixon, apparently, has never been able to conceive of the Vietnam war as a Vietnamese war. The real culprits in his view have always been the "outside agitators" (the same ones responsible in the public mind for Watts, Rochester, Newark, Detroit, Chicago and Attica?), and the way to resolve the conflict is talk tough in public, get to Mr. Big, and get him to call off his boys. The Russians, like the Congress and the people, have, for the time being, indulged the President's posing; and we can be grateful for their forbearance.

Meanwhile, Nixon's personal use of this dangerous concept is particularly shaky: it centers world attention and the success of negotiations on the personality of the President at a time when the President's judgment—to put it gently—seems unstable. Historians and political analysts have, for almost a generation, written about the search for the "real" Nixon. There has always been a sympathetic hope that a "new" Nixon, his keen intelligence educated by the experience of office, his self-confidence restored by the exercise of power, was emerging. There has even been the morally questionable argument that Nixon, because he was originally one of the leaders most responsible for the climate of fear in the 1950's, was precisely the man to lead us into a new climate of understanding. But recent events have shattered these hopes.

Men reveal their true selves in crisis. In this crisis of his own making Richard Nixon withdrew to his mountain hideaway and wrote his speech—substantially the same speech he has delivered several times before, called in his National Security Council to ratify what he had done, then called in Secretary John Connally and Henry Kissinger to reassure him that he was really right, and then escalated a war he had no chance of winning. It has been suggested that the "real" Nixon unveiled is Lyndon B. Johnson; but Nixon lacks Johnson's realism, his compassion, his true feeling for black and suffering Americans, his willingness to listen to at least one or two dissenters, his horse-sense realization that he had become part of the problem. Rather, Nixon is simply the American on the make—Sammy Glick with his finger on the nuclear button.

So, America went into weeks of confused and anxious waiting while the mines were laid (timed to deactivate for the summit) and our bombers were sent again to unleash their hell on whatever lay beneath them. In New York, the previous week, nuns had lain prostrate in St. Patrick's Cathedral aisle and, the next week, priests and nuns had knelt across the street imploring the Cardinal of New York to speak against the war. But Terence Cardinal Cooke was too busy flexing the church's political muscles in Albany, brandishing a warm letter from Nixon defending the lives of the unborn, to say a word against a national policy that was wiping out a whole country, killing countless grown men, women and children as they fled in terror from their homes. The protesters on their knees and the disillusioned faithful across the country must have wondered whether *any* atrocity could prompt the prelate, who had once preached in the White House, to say to the President that even in war there are *some* things that men and nations who fear God may not do.

During the Tet offensive, when a South Vietnamese policeman publicly blew out the brains of a helpless prisoner and the photograph appeared all over the world, Robert Kennedy stood up in the Senate and asked: What is happening to America? But now the unspoken question across the country is: Now that the real Nixon has been revealed, does he stand for the real America? In recent years the assassinations, the urban riots and the crimes of the war have forced us to take a second look at our history and our national character and confess the pattern of violence that has accompanied our progress. But we have always assured ourselves that this violence was an aberration, that it sprang from the restless fists, not the heart of America. Now men and women who have always loved their country are beginning to wonder how much a country led by this President is worthy of their love. Anloc is ashes. Hanoi is being evacuated. We offer $700 bonuses to ARVN soldiers to knock out an enemy tank. It seems that Americans are now willing to kill in a war in which they are not willing to die, that Vietnam has become in our eyes, a far-away Monopoly board where we play long into the night of history, while, to the Vietnamese people, their whole land has become one vast Hamburger Hill.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WHIMPER IN CONGRESS

REACTION TO THE MINING

In calling for Congressional support of President Nixon's latest military moves in Vietnam, the War Secretary labeled Senators opposing the White House as "quitters."

Melvin Laird's impression of the Senate as the leading institution against America's military involvement in Indochina is similarly held by a majority of observers across the country. Yet, in fact, only a minority of 40 Senators can be considered consistent war critics who favor rapid total disengagement rather than further escalation. A majority has deferred to unilateral Presidential initiatives to save the Saigon regime from falling.

Only on a few occasions over the last two years has the Senate stood up as an independent body, voting to limit U.S. military involvement in this long, senseless war. A handful of fence-sitters joined then with dependable doves to pass provisions banning an extended use of U.S. ground forces in Laos, Thailand, and Cambodia. But there has never been enough Senate solidarity to stop funds for further participation by our soldiers, sailors, and airmen in battles that won't go away; the fence-sitters have cozied up to the President's side when measures to end our part in the Indochina war have been brought to an up or down vote. The real "quitters," then, are those dozen or more solons who have refused to stand firm as Senators against the White House. This is the reason why the Senate has not moved swiftly to counteract our current military madness: Patriots of Peace don't form a working majority in the upper chamber.

Gluing together a Senate peace coalition is a precarious process. Sometimes it sticks, as did Cooper-Church forces from May through June 1970 following the President's invasion of Cambodia. During that tense time, a majority of Senators supported John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky and Frank Church of Idaho in their efforts to place a prohibition on any further forays by American ground forces and military advisers into Cambodia. On September 1, 1970, however, this fragile force broke apart, the McGovern-Hatfield measure to end the war losing by a vote of 39 to 55. In the crunch, the fence-sitters quit the fight, rejoining the hawks to give the President a free hand in the conduct of the war. And this after many months of massive messages over the media plus extensive lobbying by peace groups.

At the end of the year, the Cooper-Church coalition came together again, forcing the President to accept both a limitation on military actions in Cambodia and the repeal of the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution, in exchange for special authorization to transfer military matériel to Phnom Penh's generals.

The 1970 election reduced potential peace votes; the President gained a net of two Senatorial supporters. This loss showed up in voting on two money measures in 1971: the revised McGovern-Hatfield to bring all American armed forces home by mid-1972 failed 42-55, and the Cooper-Church coalition suffered a similar fate, failing by one vote to cut off funds for all military activities except total withdrawal.

Three statements, offered by Mike Mansfield of Montana, setting government policy to terminate our military activities in Indochina by a date certain did not invoke Congress' power of the purse, and thus were not binding on the President. Nixon signed the bill, but rejected out of hand the Majority Leader's pleas for peace.

Here it is mid-May 1972, eight years since LBJ escalated our part in the war, and Nixon has just taken the country to the danger point of disaster and defeat. His deeds are condemned by the Senate Democratic Caucus; his ways are ridiculed as imperial and impetuous. And still the Senate is seeking a peace majority that will stick together long enough to pass legislation for an orderly and rapid American disengagement and to prevent the President from embarking upon further unilateral acts of aggression.

Church is now teamed up with Clifford P. Case of New Jersey on an amendment that if enacted would bring about the total withdrawal of all American armed forces, land, sea, and air, four months after an agreement is reached to release our prisoners. The war forces oppose this fund cut-off; they expect to hand the President a gift of confidence. John Stennis of Mississippi, chairman of the Committee on Armed Services, wants to strike the Case-Church provision; his motion has been pending business before the Senate for two weeks, yet no vote has been taken. Robert Byrd of West Virginia, the Democratic whip but in fact the President's man, has fudged the issue further, adding an internationally supervised ceasefire as a precondition to the cutting off of funds. Knowing that the peace coalition has not coalesced, Church and Case have hoped that public opinion would crystallize to the point that the fence-sitters would feel safe on their side. However, the Senate's soft middle has yet to firm up sufficiently.

During this time, the President has provoked the nation twice, each time arbitrarily upping the military ante significantly and each time warning the Senate not to cross him in efforts to save the honor of his office and the present power position of the Thieu regime in Saigon. It appears that a majority of Senators have sub-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mitted to the "Emperor," as Tom Wicker of the *New York Times* has described our present governmental dilemma.

Why is the Senate unable to stop our foolishness and futility in Indochina? Why won't the Senate live up to its rightful Constitutional responsibilities on matters of war and peace and, if need be, use its powers in drawing tight the pursestrings in order to alter 180 degrees our present policy? Why isn't there a peace coalition in the Senate?

A chief reason is that the fence-sitters—Southern moderates and liberal Republicans—are scared stiff to take responsibility for matters pertaining to national security. The anxiety this fright creates prevents successful politicians from applying their most important asset, common sense, to key international issues. They talk privately about our gross failure in Vietnam as well as its serious harm to our own society, but in public they insist on hiding behind the rationale that they don't know what the President knows, and it is best in this nuclear age to let him handle it—alone.

This failure to assert separate power has resulted in an almost total disconnection from the Constitutional process. Congress' last hope to play a part in the formulation of policy lies in its legislative function regarding federal funds. "That is a power that belongs just to Congress," Church reminded his colleagues last week. But he also bemoaned, "If the President treats the Senate with contempt, it is because we are contemptible."

Compounding this tendency to avoid and hide is ambivalence among the people the fence-sitters represent regarding the President's acts of aggression. Several national polls indicate three-fourths of the American public support Nixon's bombing-and-mining campaign and at the same time three-quarters support the total withdrawal of all U.S. forces from Indochina by the end of the current year. The most recent Gallup Poll, for instance, showed 71 percent favoring the Case-Church amendment to become the law of the land. Such public ambivalence produces impotence among fence-sitters who continue to lie low, hoping this will avoid antagonizing an imagined majority constituent viewpoint.

A surprisingly strong influence here is the giant-size ghost of FDR that still looms large in the cloakrooms and before the tally clerk. The President, as exemplified by the second Roosevelt, will take care of the nation's crises, so goes such impotent thinking. Congress, avoiding the issue head-on, is to rubber-stamp White House actions and pay the country's defense bills. The Vandenberg thesis was concocted; it called for unchallenged bipartisanship in foreign policy. It was heralded under the Truman and Eisenhower Administrations as the way to conduct the country's cold war policies efficiently; under JFK, LBJ, and King Richard, however, it became an annual justification for wrongdoing. After Nixon escalated the war last week without consulting Congress, Walter Mondale of Minnesota, a determined dove, said that the situation between the two branches had deteriorated so badly that the President "treats the Senate like a dog would treat a fire hydrant with 100 legs."

Building a peace coalition comes down to electing enough men committed to ending the war or stimulating independence from an institution that has lost its will to be a separate body. Just as the American naval blockade of North Vietnam and the intensified bombing of its transportation network alone are unlikely to save South Vietnamese forces from further defeats, the President's actions on behalf of the Senate will not grant that institution its own independence. Or, to turn that analogy around, as did columnist Mary McGrory, "The doves have been unable to rally a majority. The Senate is like the South Vietnamese army. It has all the equipment it needs, but it lacks the will to fight."

The Senate can only save itself. A majority must consistently stand up and voice its views and votes on what's good for the United States, rather than serving up comfort for the President. The latter practice unfortunately prevails. The White House liaison for the Senate telephoned numerous fence-sitters' offices, urging those solons not to oppose the President's mining of Haiphong. The liaison advised, "I hope the Senate doesn't react until the Russians do!" What is unknown is how many ignored his pressures for passivity.

Independence is what Fulbright, Church, Case and company are urging. They want to elevate Congress to its former place as a coequal branch of government. They refuse to be intimidated by Presidents, Cabinet Secretaries, or unreconstructed hawks. They refuse to choose a course of inaction. They no longer are willing to give the President a free hand in Indochina and they want a majority of their colleagues to join them in tying him down by tying the Pentagon pursestrings shut. They are willing to check and try to rebalance.

The wisest national policies emerge from the cooperation and close consultation between both branches. This has been lacking throughout the Vietnam tragedy.

At the height of the Korean war, a former U.S. Senator urged adopting "the right policy in a moment of great national danger." He said this meant "our policy should represent the best thinking of our national leaders, including those who disagree with the President as well as those who agree with him."

The Senator concluded, "The country wants unity, but it does not want unity on a policy which has led to disaster or on the perpetuation and power of those who made that policy and who cannot be expected to make good on any other." That was Richard Nixon speaking as Senator from California, a man at this moment bent on filling the current Constitutional vacuum.

JAMES MADISON

(*James Madison is a close observer of the Senate who must remain anonymous.*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ONCE AGAIN INTO THE STREETS

PETER STEINFELS

SOMEBODY SAID that there was going to be a demonstration, a candlelight march down Broadway, and so we zippered the kids' windbreakers and took out the Easter candles and went. You do not have to explain these things to the children. They know their parts.

Once we might have inquired about who was sponsoring the march—that was long ago and in another country. It no longer mattered. You might as well ask who is sponsoring the rain or the evening traffic; some things are just part of our lives. At 106th street a lady asks me to sign in support of Congressman Ryan's bill to impeach the President. Once the idea would have struck me as preposterous. I sign.

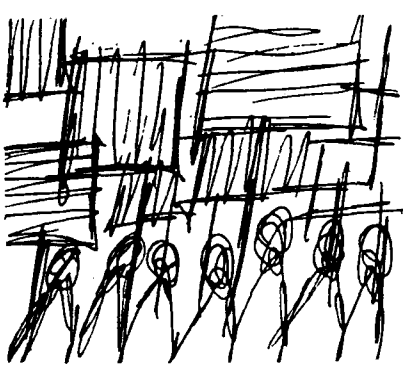
There is a little crowd at the corner where we are to begin. More police than marchers. Friends greet one another. Children are jittery to start.

When we march, down the sidewalk, behind a banner and a thumping drum, my daughter joins a friend from her first-grade. A cloth bandana is pinned to the back of his jacket. It is blue and white and neatly printed. Stop the War, it says. I remark to his mother how wise we all would have been to invest in such durable signs years ago.

(On the radio the other day, someone mentioned the name of a journalist who was one of the first to defy the State Department and visit North Vietnam. Hearing his name was like remembering a high school dance tune. I suddenly realized that the opposition to the war has gone on so long that we can even get nostalgic about it. Great Moments in the Anti-War Movement.)

The crowd is picking up. Another contingent is waiting for us at 96th Street, their candles flickering like vigil lights in the half-dark. Another contingent will be waiting at 86th, and then another at 72nd. . . . People are friendly. Candles go out at the cross-streets from the river breeze. You have to get a light from your neighbor.

There are more first-graders. (Last week I watched my daughter neatly execute an anti-war poster: "Stop War" lettered across the top; then a peace symbol; L-O-V-E written out; and a rendition of bombs falling with a big X through them. She dispatched it



the way we used to draw houses with chimneys and a yellow sun in the sky.) A man pushes his child's stroller over to the one I am pushing. "The stroller-set," he says, "they'll inherit the earth." Meanwhile a little boy asks his mother if he should start a cheer. "Give me a *P*," his clear, high voice suddenly pipes out expertly. "Give me an *E*." And the crowd barks out the letters, P,E,A,C,E, and then the little voice calls "What does it spell?" *"Peace!"* "When do we want it?" *"Now!"* Peace now, peace now, peace now, and you can no longer hear the boy's tone in the rumble of the marchers.

(Today in my building a boy of about twelve saw me reading the paper. "Not much good news, huh?" he asked. "What're they gonna do next? A blockade's not gonna do it." "I don't know," I said, "I think there will be a lot of bombing in North Vietnam while everyone's worried about the blockade." I began to add something about the dikes, not knowing if he would understand. He understood perfectly. "That won't help either," he said. "All they can do is kill"—his voice turned sarcastic—"a lot of civilians.")

The march is friendly, it is growing larger, yet I am terribly depressed. If all the miles marched by all the marchers were placed end to end. . . . But I have not the least contempt for this activity. What hope there is, will spring from the soil of persistence. The trouble is something else. That we wage an unjust war, that our leaders are blind and cruel, these are facts of our lives, which our children accept and denounce as matter-of-factly as, at their ages, I followed cowboy movies and the baseball pennant races. The war is a National Institution, like traffic accidents on holiday weekends, with the protesters programmed in like the Safety Council predictions and the warnings to drive safely.

I leave the march in my melancholy to take our son home to bed. My wife and daughter go on and later I will hear how someone poured water on the marchers and someone threw an egg. Now I pass the bakery where a big sign says "To Mom with Love. Mother's Day Cakes" and a little sign says "Today is Roman Apple Pie Day, 99¢." Like motherhood and apple pie, I think, like motherhood and apple pie.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IMPEACH NIXON NOW

WILLIAM STRINGFELLOW

How to stop the war by working within the system

My text is Article II, Section 4, of the Constitution of the United States of America:

The President . . . shall be removed from office on Impeachment for, and Conviction of, Treason, Bribery, or other high Crimes and Misdemeanors.

My plea is that all protests against the war be converted now and become concentrated in a fresh, insistent, specific, immediate, irresistible citizens' demand for the impeachment of the President of the United States.

Impeachment is an extraordinary remedy. In the American system it has origins in the twin doctrines of the Declaration of Independence that incumbency does not in itself legitimatize rules, and that a people shall not indefinitely suffer arbitrary, capricious, vindictive, lawless or criminal authority but have means of removing unfit rulers. Impeachment, in America, is the Constitutional recourse which renders revolution needless.

Impeachment is an extraordinary remedy appropriate to the extraordinary circumstances in which Americans now live.

The fact is ordinary protest has been exhausted; verbal dissent is ignored; Congressional action has only prompted Presidential defiance; non-violent civil disobedience has become counterproductive; violence has never been either morally defensible or practically effectual and only further incites official violence; demonstrations and petitions, sit-ins and marches are redundant, ordinary protest will not stop the war. We have all beheld, within these few weeks, how the familiar forms of protest become, at the most, a kind of weeping and wailing—therapeutic, perhaps, for those who mourn, but no relief for the nation.

This is something which citizens have known, whether or not it has been admitted, for a long time. Some of us have realized this for as long as eight years, since we first voice dissent about the war. All of us have known this since the Nixon regime took power, which is to say, since opposition to the war became the convinced sentiment of the majority of Americans. Indeed, in the entire saga of the incumbent Administration, the single instance in which the President can be said, with complete confidence, to have been candid—to have been guilelessly, unambiguously, unequivocally, undeceptively truthful—was the day three years ago, when he told us that he would not heed *any* protests; when he, thus, pronounced the astonishing doctrine that the President is unaccountable to the American people.

This President has verified his intransigence ruthlessly, as his Administration has sought to obliterate dissent from his policy while muting the will of the majority of the people:

—by unconstitutionally making war.

—by enlargements of that illegal war in Asia, sometimes clandestine, often fantastic and brutal,

—by defying and frustrating the Constitutional prerogatives of Congress,

—by brazen misuse for war funds otherwise appropriated,

—by impugning the loyalty of Presidential candidates and other political opponents,

—by flaunting contempt for the First Amendment while seeking to intimidate and manipulate the media,

WILLIAM STRINGFELLOW, *attorney and Episcopalian lay leader, delivered this address at the First Unitarian Church of Providence and at St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, Providence, at the end of April. It was at his Block Island, R.I. home that Father Daniel Berrigan, S.J., was arrested by the F.B.I.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—by maliciously imputing violence to all protests,
—by unprecedented political abuse of due process of law through illegal surveillance of civilians, and similar harassments and the utterance of false, fake and defamatory charges,
—by sanctioning unconstitutional mass arrests and political detentions,
—by repeated attempts to demean and usurp the Courts and to publicly discredit their Constitutional authority,
—by dishonoring command responsibility in seeking to suppress the scandal of the Mylai massacre,
—by dishonoring Vietnam veterans, rendering P.O.W.s pawns of the corrupt Saigon oligarchy, recklessly endangering American troops by countenancing the complicity of so-called allies in the Indochina drug traffic, and seeking punishment for the young in exile,
—by deliberately deceiving the people and failing the Presidential oath.

In all of this, for all these years, (to adapt a phrase) the message has been perfectly clear. We Americans suffer a regime which is essentially lawless, which acts as a law unto itself, whose conduct renders it illegitimate, which seeks to maintain its authority even if it must dismantle and destroy the Constitutional system, which has shown itself to be irrevocably beholden to violence and coercion, both physical and psychological, as much at home as abroad.

Two years ago, in the aftermath of the Cambodian "incursion," during the last widespread antiwar protests, we glimpsed the extremities of the violence which the Nixon rule sponsors in the infanticide at Kent State.

Subsequently, a quietism settled over the nation's campuses. (Quietism is a name with historic connotations, referring to the "quietist movement" in Nazi Germany through which acquiescence was practiced to the Nazi criminality. I am using the term here deliberately.) Some attribute high motives or esoteric reasons to explain the quietism of the past two years: the students had recovered a zeal for study, it has been said, or some desired to pursue mystical exercises. I find a much more straightforward explanation. Most students got the message that, with this government, protest provokes persecution. In the months immediately following Cambodia and Kent State, the federal authorities drastically cut aid for scholarships and research and other subsidies, withdrew guarantees for educational bank loans, stopped funding student employment. And students understood that message; dissent endangers survival. There has been quietism not because there has been approval of the government—and certainly not because very many have been so bemused as to believe the fraudulent official rhetoric about "winding down the war" while the war has been constantly spread geographically and, through automation geometrically. There has been quietism because there has been fear—because the economic pressures for political conformity have been successful among the young just as inflation, unemployment, taxation and indebtedness have been manipulated to preoccupy, benight and neutralize so many older citizens.

Within these last weeks, the quietism on the campuses has been breached by the further mindless outrages in Indochina. If today's protests amount to no more than mourning, then let the students weep—let all citizens weep and wail—but *never again* must quietism be practiced in America.

Let it be emphatic that none of this has anything to do categorically with partisanship—with stereotypical party politics—with the Republican vs. Democratic thing. That has, long since, been surpassed by events. In those events, concentrated so much in the war, we ought by now to have learned something. We ought to have learned that the issue is not war, or that the issue is no longer the war. The war has become the grotesque symptom of the most rudimentary social issue—whether authority is subject to law, whether incumbency validates authority or whether authority can still be required to function Constitutionally—whether, in short, the President is accountable.

I am mindful, in these remarks, that the American crisis is one which transcends these events. America would be, now, in crisis even if we had been spared the Nixon Presidency. The profound issue of this country is whether a Constitutional system is feasible, at all, in an advanced technological society. What we confront is no mere regurgitated McCarthyism, nor an American neo-Nazism, but the threat of technological totalitarianism such as Orwell foretold. That issue has been with us, noticeably, since Hiroshima—since the Pentagon and the CIA and the famous military-industrial-scientific principality preempted foreign military policy, seized the budget, discounted domestic needs, virtually incapacitated the Congress, and captivated the Presidency.

But I am also mindful that we have not been spared the Nixon regime and that the Constitutional crisis can no longer be gainsaid or evaded. *Any* chance which the nation has of coping with these fundamental institutional issues requires the removal *now* of this President and the repudiation of his kind of regime.

Though Americans are much demoralized and feel impotent, I still think the system can be redeemed by utilizing the Constitution and so, I plead (in this day of heavy euphemism and coded language) that the present outcry to "stop the war" be translated "impeach the President."

If it is true, as has been said, that this war is not worth the sacrifice of one more American life, or if, as I would amend the statement, this war has never been worth the sacrifice of a single human being, then each day that Richard Nixon remains in office is an abomination to the Lord.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN OPEN LETTER TO A BISHOP

PHILIP BERRIGAN

We have surpassed the German Church in negligence both moral and criminal

The following is a letter to Bishop William Baum. He is a fortyish, balding man with a responsive face and quick, sympathetic smile, recently consecrated Bishop of Springfield-Cape Giradeau—a sprawling, rural diocese of some forty thousand Catholics extending across southern Missouri to the Mississippi. Quite without notice or expectation, the Pope called Bishop Baum to Rome for the Bishops' Synod, to complement Cardinals Dearden, Krol, and Carberry, as well as Archbishop Byrne. Themes of the letter? Priesthood, World Justice and Peace. He asked for a few reflections, and here they are. P.B.

Dear Bishop Baum,

Here are the few ideas I promised you. They are qualified, of course, by my status and by the two years I have already served. But I possessed them before imprisonment, my books are full of them, and, it goes without saying, I believe them profoundly enough to stake my life on them. I have not found many men who can say that about their ideas.

So if you find the following negative, caustic, angry—remember that they come from one who has questioned domestic racism and modern war for ten years; who has lived in the slums and seen the anguish of the poor; who has resisted militarism and war-making repeatedly; who has experienced not only prison but solitary confinement and long fasts; who has endured the charade of three political trials and who faces a fourth; and who probably will be in and out of prison for the remainder of his life. In sum, my experience has been out of the ordinary, and it comes purely from attempts to answer the question, "What does Christ ask of me?"

Despite the fact that we come from different frames of reference, and that the Berrigan view of the Gospel (Dan's and mine) is radically different from the hierarchy's, we will not admit that our own responsibilities differ from yours. In fact, we might imply that the Bishops have a deeper obligation to costly witness than we do because of the magisterium, their pastorship and charism. I tend to state the matter bluntly. On the issue of modern war, the hierarchy's default is very nearly total; it is so bad, in effect, that nuclear exchange would find Bishops unprepared to discuss anything but the morality of defending a shelter with a shotgun.

Apart from these observations, which I offer only in introduction, please convey our love and fraternity (Dan's and mine) to the Pope. It strikes me that we speak for those unable to do so, those sisters and brothers imprisoned around the world—priests, religious, laity—in Latin America, Africa, Europe, Indochina, the Marxist world. We constitute the Church in chains—advocates of resistance to naked power, disproportionate wealth, racism, war-making. We want to express our fidelity to the Church and to the Chair of Peter, even as we sorrow over Christian myopia, hardness of heart and even cowardice.

With these preliminaries, let me offer a few general observations as well. It impresses me that thinking in the Church today, now that we are over the Vatican II euphoria, is stereotyped, cautious, quasi-despairing. Bishops, theologians, and clergy are obviously operating under the house-keeping assumption: from top to bottom, from Rome to parish, more synods, councils, democracy, and guitars will see us through present world crises. We operate as though, under a divine and magical star, we will muckle through with minimal losses while grace and providence work for us—providing, however, we pretend hard enough that nuclear overkill does not exist, that genocide in Indochina has not been carried out, that the North Atlantic community does not control 50 percent of the world's wealth, that wealth and power are not identified with the white world, and poverty and desperation are not identified with the so-called colored world.

Those Catholics—clergy and laity—who have not expressed disillusionment with such realities by leaving the Church altogether are leisurely marking time, maintaining low profile, avoiding controversy, shoring up obsolescent structures, talking a species of ecclesiastical doublespeak, and rejecting any involvement in the social horrors of the day. Apparently they take lightly the admonition of a witness like Paul: "Bear the burdens of one another, and you will have fulfilled the law [of Christ]."

Implicit in attitudes like these, shockingly pervasive as they are, is a dreadful and ill-defined fear—fear that we're not going to make it; fear that the Church will go down with the Powers of this world; fear of questioning, initiative, creativity, courage; fear of sacrifice, loneliness, criticism; fear finally of self, of neighbor, of Gospel, of

FATHER PHILIP BERRIGAN, S.S.J., *is serving concurrent terms in prison for resistance to the war.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Christ. (I remember President Johnson saying, with an off-the-cuff honesty quite foreign to him: "Peace is going to demand more than we counted on!") In the same manner, Catholics are discovering that Christ will demand more than we counted on. And generally, the thought fills them with dread.

The Church in America—in fact, in the West as a whole—has accepted as religion a kind of cultural syncretism, culminating in near-perfect allegiance to the State. Not a few of its more prominent Bishops have even waited upon the Presidency like court jesters. And now the culture is being violently challenged, and the State doesn't so much govern as rule by force. To whom do we turn?

A case in point is the Catholic response to the Indochinese war. It is a classic case of burning incense to Caesar. After twenty-two years' involvement in Indochina (President Truman committed American support to the French in 1949); after millions of Indochinese deaths (6 to 8 might be a conservative estimate;) after as many as 100,000 American dead (Pentagon figures are probably half the total); after war expenditures of 300 billion; after documented ecocide and genocide; after all this, thirty-two American Bishops have finally condemned the immorality of the war. [This was written before the Bishops' statement of November, 1971.—Ed.] In a tragedy of this magnitude, worldwide in its ramifications, the American Church, supposedly the most vital expression of universal Catholicism, has mustered 32 tepid, episcopal voices, most of them recent. This, despite crushing evidence of the war's illegality—United Nations Charter, Geneva Accords, the SEATO agreement, the U.S. Constitution. Why so long for episcopal word, why so late and feeble? So late, in fact, that few listen and few care.

We have obviously surpassed the German Church in negligence both moral and criminal. (Resistance to Hitler, for example, meant totalitarian reprisal, which is not the case here.) Despite the clarity of Paul VI's stand, despite Constitutional protections, no Bishop has challenged the illegality of the war in serious fashion; no Bishop has broken patently immoral laws (the Apostles were martyred for refusing to obey the law); no Bishop (except Parrilla of Puerto Rico) has advocated nonviolent resistance to the war (Mayor Lindsay of New York City, a nebulous liberal at best, advocated such a course two years ago). And only two or three Bishops have visited Catholic resisters in jail, at least two of them virtually apologizing for their action: "This visit is a spiritual work of mercy, which I would perform for any of my flock." More to the point would be an explanation of why they themselves were not in jail.

Furthermore, no Bishop has questioned the marriage of Big Business and Big Military in Big Government, and how the marriage results in government by and for the wealthy and powerful. No Bishop has condemned the American rape of the developing world, nor the arms race in horror weapons, nor American arms salesmanship, nor the division of the world by superpowers.

On the contrary, the American episcopacy has docilely and silently stood by while their countrymen and spiritual sons established the American empire and ruled it with ruthless might. They stood by as spectator, or advocate, while their country plunged into perpetual hot and cold warring, spent 1¼ trillion dollars on war and weapons since 1946, and filled up Arlington Cemetary with the dead of Korea, Dominican Republic, and Indochina. And yet, the Church they lead, like the Saviour, is come "to give life, and to give it more abundantly." What a gross irony!

Do I exaggerate? Perhaps. Some Catholics, who have suffered for dedication to Gospel and Church, would go

much further, however. One layman I know, a superb student of Gospel politics and Gandhian non-violence, currently in jail, would say this with a snort: "Shepherds? There is not one in the American Church! They are upper-management people for the most part. And they are the State's sheep!" Of him, I must say that he is capable of transcending mediocrity. He remains loyal in a sense that most Catholics and most Bishops cannot understand.

Perhaps in the above you might perceive my difficulty in speculating about the priesthood, and how it might serve man as physician and prophet. For who will finally legislate as to training, experience, freedom? And who will provide what is most crucial of all—example? The men and women who can address the subject realistically are concerned mainly with witnessing against institutionalized terror and death—and they are in severe jeopardy or in jail.

Moreover, there is this factor to consider. If Dan and I can serve as examples of repression by the Church —for nearly ten years now we have engaged in a constant, painful, running skirmish with Church authority, encountering ridicule, outrage, exile, reassignment, mistrust—the scales have, nevertheless, slowly balanced out.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Today the episcopacy tolerates us, under the jurisdiction of the State. But episcopal hypocrisy has cut very deeply. Catholics who are today developing for themselves and their brothers "the freedom with which Christ has made us free," are extremely skeptical of Papal or episcopal pronouncements. They even tend to ignore them as shallow and devious. They want the pronouncement of action, feeling that it is very late for words.

In effect, thinking Catholics make little distinction between treatment by Church and State. They know that both desire malleability and conformity, that both fear conscience, that both are self-righteous and dogmatic, that both are ruthless in handling deviants. To be fair, the Church is quicker to forgive and to forget. On the other hand, the State may be quicker to learn. But the point is that Catholics increasingly tend to ignore the official Church since it says so little real about the questions of life and death, and lives less than it says. How could it be otherwise? they ask. The official Church is not about the Gospel, or the plight of what Pope John called "the majority of men." Therefore, how can it speak to either issue?

The understanding from this quarter is simply this: both Church and State are vast, sprawling bureaucracies which share an insufferably arrogant assumption that *they* offer the fundamental answers to the human condition. The understanding, further, is that, despite claims to the contrary, Church and State have brought Western civilization to its nadir, and have destroyed other civilizations in the process.

Critics have learned, or are learning in swelling numbers from history as well as from the Gospels, that nothing much makes sense except death to self and conversion to Christ and neighbor. All the virtues exemplified by the Lord—poverty, freedom in responsibility, the politics of community, willingness to risk jail and death for the exploited person—all these attack head-on the conceptions and realities of bureaucracies whether in Church or State. The goals of bureaucracies are simply not the goals of Christ.

To apply all this seriously to contemporary problems of priesthood—especially as an American—is enormously difficult, simply because we are so cut off from the mind and life of Christ. About all one can do is fumble with a few critical questions, and then labor with the complications of response.

The Catholic priest in America—and in the West generally—is more of a cultural phenomenon than he is a Gospel man. He is a nationalistic, white supremacist, and uncritical toward affluence and its source. His training reflects nuances of these cultural fixations, but, beyond that, it schools him merely in neutrality toward life. By that I mean, he tends to take a purely institutional view of threats to life, whether they be its abuse or destruction. Indeed, if he is sensitive, he will go through immense convolutions to escape such brutalities. Or if he is hardened, he will advocate them, or remain casual in face of them.

Therefore the problem becomes—how to instill convictions strong enough to resist dehumanization in one's self, in others, in structures. How instruct him in nonviolence as a way of life, as mark of the new man, as instrument of human revolution and social regeneration? How to teach him the realities of power in all its nuances, from the will to dominate others to the will to exploit whole nations and peoples? How to toughen so that one will understand and accept persecution, contempt, ostracism, jail, or death on account of conscience and (above all) on account of the suffering brother? How to infuse him with such sensitivity to human rights and dignity that one will confront violence in every turn of his life —in himself, in the culture, in the State? How to convince him that Christ's man must integrate word and act, in full recognition that this might lead him to death, even as it did his Lord?

I don't know, because one can neither teach the above nor administer it. But the Church can beg the grace of God, the Church can provide the setting; even though it be modern catacombs, the Church can begin, realizing that her life must always constitute beginnings, and never endings. And if such fidelity means a vocation of opposition to Powers and Principalities as they operate in government and in the circle of prestige for which the government exists, so be it. If it means the outlawry of the Church, persecution . . . the Lord spoke of that too: "The time will come when those who kill you will think they are doing a service to God." But in the process, the Church would serve humanity, would even help to give humanity a future on this planet which it could not otherwise have.

As for the impending deliberations on world justice and peace, I have anguished questions about them. Do the American Bishops accept the implications of their country's control over one-half the world's productive capacity and finance? Do they realize that, despite our affluence, we have institutionalized poverty for perhaps one-quarter of our own people, plus millions in the developing world? Will they admit that these appalling realities are not an accident, but a cold calculation; that they follow the logic of profit and policy? Can they comprehend that war, particularly modern war, decides what nation or "security bloc" will control the profits, and that on the success or failure of the Indochinese war hinges the American Open Door to the developing world? (Policy-makers fear that if the Indochinese force us out, certainty will spread among the world's poor that wars of liberation can succeed.) Do they understand that a few hundred American corporations, with hundreds of billions in assets and international holdings, are empires in their own right, exerting political and economic dominion wherever they are? To deliberate justice and peace while overlooking such realities is both ignorant and dis-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

honest. Just as it is dishonest to deny that while most men starve, most Bishops live in comfort and affluence, welcome the dividends of offending corporations, and remain discreetly silent before the excesses of capitalism.

In closing, I hope and pray this letter is a source of help to you, and not a cause for pain and shock. You are an unusual man and Christian—intelligent, open, compassionate. Obviously you love the Church as I do. But before the tragedy and ruin of the times we must love the Church even more—enough to criticize honestly and charitably, enough to pick up heavier burdens, enough to lose everything in order that others might discover life. In essence, what would the wretched of the earth have us do to offer them hope, to lift from them the horror of war and starvation, to extend a sense of dignity and destiny in God and human community?

Our prayers go with you. And our wishes for the light, the strength, the peace of Christ.

Fraternally,
PHILIP BERRIGAN, S.S.J.

BLACK AND WHITE

THE SCREEN

The finale of Melvin Van Peebles' Broadway show, *Ain't Supposed to Die a Natural Death,* is a song sung by a ragpicker. With everyone else in the show now dead or degraded, the old woman leaps onto the apron of the stage waving a fetish. "Put a curse on you," she screeches, and this turns out to be the title of her song, which reviews all the kinds of misery we have been watching black people endure. This is a song that crosses the line between polemics, which is still art, and a threat, which isn't—at least not in a musical review done on the Broadway stage. As the title suggests, the song's message is that whites ought to suffer now as they have made blacks suffer. There is only one audience for which this notion could be entertainment, and that is a black audience. In this sense the song assumes that the show's audience is black. But on the other hand, the song's title-refrain is "Put a Curse on *You,*" and the old woman does address it to the audience. In this sense the song assumes that the show's audience is white.

This schizophrenic song is an attempt to cope with a problem that bedevils all black art one way or another. The black artist can't say a word to his black audience without its being overheard by a white audience. If the accommodation into which Van Peebles' song has been driven seems unsatisfactory, however, it is not more so than the alternative offered by Maya Angelou's script for the film *Georgia, Georgia.* Miss Angelou is determined not to be compromised or distracted by white eavesdroppers. She would speak exclusively to other blacks, and would do so over the heads of curious whites if necessary. Her film takes place during a Scandinavian tour by a popular black singer (Diana Sands). As a relief from her homosexual manager and her paid traveling companion, both of whom she despises almost as much as they despise each other, Georgia has an affair with a white photographer assigned to do a story on her. This so incenses her traveling companion that the woman strangles Georgia in order to stop the affair.

A good deal of what is wrong with this film should be blamed on amateurish filmmaking rather than the script. The film's Swedish director, Stig Bjorkman, didn't have the presence of mind to anticipate during the shooting inconsistencies that would emerge in the editing later. At one point, for instance, a man who is following Georgia gets on a ferry boat that she is riding. Then in the next scene, which is supposed to occur simultaneously, the same man is at a cafe in another part of the city. In addition, Minnie Gentry, who plays Georgia's traveling companion (she also happens to be the ragpicker in Van Peebles' play), simply can't act. She delivers her lines as if she had all she could handle just to memorize them.

But even if the casting and direction were improved, I doubt that the script would seem better. As I said before, I don't think Miss Angelou would be concerned because her work makes some white critic feel uncomfortable. Yet I can't imagine that this film's black audience isn't also embarrassed by the script's self-torturing mood and uninterrupted revelations of black self-hatred. I suspect that the purpose Miss Angelou would like the film to serve for her audience—whatever that may be—is not a purpose that art is capable of serving. She wants to provide black people with some unspeakable act of release, or self-possession, that art is simply not powerful enough to provide.

Miss Angelou herself claims, "Black men talk about change when what they really mean is exchange. They want to take over the positions of power white men have." Certainly Buck and the Preacher, the title characters in the new Sidney Poitier-Harry Belafonte film, would agree. The themes of exchange are obviously what appealed to Mr. Poitier when he chose the script for this black Western, which is his first assignment as a director. Poitier plays Buck as the latest word in self-reliant, soft-spoken, straight-shooting cowboys. At one point, while escaping a trap laid by his white nemeses, Buck even executes a running mount that would have made Yakima Canute proud. Yet I don't want to give the impression that Buck and his unscrupulous sidekick, the Preacher (Mr. Belafonte), are just Roy Rogers and Gabby Hayes in black face. There is also an undertone in the film whispering benignly, "Up against the wall, M----- F----: this is a stickup!" The best-received scene in the film was the one where Buck

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the Preacher robbed one of whitie's banks.

In a way *Buck and the Preacher* might seem a feat comparable to *Cool Breeze,* yet another black adventure movie that was released recently. Where *Buck* makes it as a cowboy movie, *Cool Breeze* tries to make it as a cops-and-robbers story. But I don't think *Cool Breeze* is in a league with *Buck*. *Cool Breeze* is a bit too much of a me-too effort—a film done to show that blacks can make the same films whites have been making for years, and make them just as well. Since this should now go without saying, a film that proves nothing more than this hasn't set its sights very high.

Cool Breeze is a remake of the W. R. Burnett novel that appeared on the screen the first time in 1950 as John Huston's *The Asphalt Jungle*. *Cool Breeze* is at the very least a competent re-hash of this story about an ill-fated robbery, and director-writer Barry Pollack has done a neat, cosmetic job of disguising the Burnett original as a contemporary black experience. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the film, though, is the fact that the faults of *The Asphalt Jungle* show up again. Some characters here, as in the original, seem always on the brink of becoming more than stock, thriller types; they seem ready to become characters, personalities in whom we might find something inherently interesting. This is especially true of Travis (Jim Watkins), the hot-headed blood who brings ruination on the robbery and ends up mortally wounded himself. But as in Huston's version, the potential we sense in this role remains frustrated and unrealized.

Buck and the Preacher goes beyond the limitations of *Cool Breeze* by being more than just a Western. It has some fresh polemical intentions. It begins with a prologue informing us that black wagonmasters bravely tried to guide ex-slaves to homesteads in the West after the Civil War. The prologue briefs us on some of the extraordinary white discouragement and hardship faced by these wagonmasters. (Buck turns out to be a prototype of the breed.) At last the prologue dedicates the film to these men, "whose graves today lie as unmarked as their place in history." One purpose of this film, then, is to desegregate history. This strikes me as a feasible purpose for a work of popular art like a movie. It also strikes me as a purpose more worthwhile than any that I can perceive in either *Georgia, Georgia* or *Cool Breeze*.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

BOOKS

The illumination of socialism's total meaning

Socialism

MICHAEL HARRINGTON

Saturday Review Press, $12.50

EDWARD T. CHASE

Early on in his beautifully written essay on why the grandchildren of the prisoners of starvation must strive ceaselessly to create Marx's Kingdom of Freedom, Michael Harrington cites a Marxian formula M-C-M^1, and elaborates upon its significance. For all its simplicity, it is at the heart of this long, discursive, richly ruminative work. In its impact on the lives of men and societies, I would say that this formula quite rivals that other momentous formula of genius, Einstein's key to atomic energy, the equation of matter and energy, $E=MC^2$.

M for money, C for commodity, M^1 for money with a profit increment: what it signifies, simply yet profoundly, is that in the capitalist era M, money, capital, is the starting point in the process of creating more M, profit, and C is *whatever* is produced in that process that has *exchange* value. Not value in itself, mind you, but exchange value. For C to have exchange value—that is, to be able to trigger a cash transaction—what is crucial is not the nature of C so much as the existence of *effective demand*. Effective demand—which means cash-backed demand—is the be all and the end all. Capitalist apologists are forever exclaiming that the genius of capitalism is that if there's a need capitalism will find a way to satisfy it. Not so—consider low-income housing, for starters, or mass transit.

Furthermore even where there are active markets in the capitalist order market prices don't reflect *social* needs (nor social costs). Social costs and benefits, what economists call externalities, just don't register. For instance pollution as a by-product of, say, a paper mill does not appear in the cost column nor do reduced police costs appear in the benefit column from, say, job retraining. Hence the capitalist system, with all its immense benefactions in the continuing industrial and post-industrial revolutions, through its obliviousness to need, to *latent* demand, has succeeded in also creating societies with hideously unjust distortions. These include unhealthy psychic mutations in man which augment his avaricious, violent, animalistic characteristics. And nowadays, when the government does intervene in the market, it generally does so by subsidy to maximize private profits, on the premise that some of the profit may trickle down to the masses.

Michael Harrington pays the fullest homage to Karl Marx as the prophet who first analyzed capitalist society's dire evolution and held forth the ideal of a world when "man's battle with na-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ture has been completely won," thanks to science and industrialization, when invidious competition thus disappears and cooperation, fraternity and equality become natural. Man's productivity will reach such heights that compulsory work won't be needed, nor money as such. Now of course such a state of affairs "will never come to pass in its ideal form," Harrington hastens to add, "yet it is important to detail the dream in order to better design each approximation of it."

Harrington really does not detail the dream—who could, it is at once so private and so unpredictable—but what he accomplishes is more important. In reviewing the history of socialist thought, the theories of Marx and the various contemporary socializations of the world, he creates a moving, rounded and subtle picture of what socialism should mean.

Throughout the book, as in his career, he is unwaveringly sensitive to the cardinal issue of democracy versus collectivist authoritarianism. He flatly states at the outset that Marx "regarded democracy as the essence of socialism . . . Marx and Engels were distinguished from all other radical theorists of their time precisely by their insistence upon the democratic character of socialism." Alas, this of course is one of the great moot points of history. If it were not moot, if we had consensus here, conceivably the world might not now be divided into two global blocs (and infinite contentious factions), two blocs inhibited from mortal combat only by the threat of mutual atomic annihilation.

Harrington is a good man and a disarming one. At one point he writes, "it could be plausibly argued that the Karl Marx who is described in these pages is a backward and wishful projection of this writer's present politics." He goes on to say that the convergence of his current attitudes and his version of history, namely that Marx was a social democrat, is valid if one appreciates the transformation of Marx during the 1850's. Indeed Harrington even interprets the phrase "dictatorship of the proletariat" to mean the fulfillment of democracy since it envisions all governmental positions filled by universal suffrage, all official jobs, high or low, paid at the same wages as the workers received, and all public officials "subject to immediate recall by the people."

But regardless of what Marxian scholars may contest in Harrington's interpretation of the Marxian texts, his book has a broader function, to illuminate socialism's total meaning historically and conceptually. Socialism for Harrington, for most of us I suspect, is a moral vision, an ideal. Harrington quarrels with the economist, Robert Heilbroner, on a fundamental issue in this book, yet Heilbroner's sentiment as expressed in his recent *Between Capitalism and Socialism* eloquently summarizes Harrington's vision. "Socialism is, at its root, the effort to find a remedy in social terms for the affront to reason and morality in the status quo," writes Heilbroner. "Socialism is the expression of a collective hope for mankind, the idealization of what it conceives to be capable of. When the fires of socialism no longer burn, it will mean that mankind has extinguished the hope and abandoned that ideal." Amen.

But whereas Heilbroner seems resigned to the necessity of totalitarian authoritarianism to effect revolutionary change in the Third World, Harrington is mortally fearful of it, rejecting "the apocalyptic vision of creative destruction" with his insistence upon the twin *pre*conditions for socialism (1) sufficient affluence and (2) an effective proletariat class. His dilemma is that he really cannot explain how such preconditions can be forced. So there emerges from his discussion a hopeless picture of the underdeveloped world fixed in virtually endless poverty. For America and the developed world, however, there is hope, even optimism, as new classes, new social and technological conditions impel us ever nearer to such essential tasks as redistribution of wealth via radical tax reforms and the adoption of massive social investments, that is devoting our public treasure to the great non-profit areas like housing, health, transportation, etc., guided by democratically planned programs.

Will this inspire the new generation? No, more's the pity; they are mostly either indifferent or chiliasts. But Harrington's honesty, his iron resistance to fanaticism, his relentless attention to the concrete developments of our time will inspire those fortunate few who will treat themselves to a close reading of this, his finest book.

Big Brother's Indian Programs—with Reservations
SAR. A. LEVITAN & BARBARA HETRICK
McGraw-Hill, $8.95

Geronimo: A Biography
ALEXANDER B. ADAMS
Putnam's, $8.95

The Chickasaws
ARRELL M. GIBSON
University of Oklahoma Press, $8.95

Red Man's Land—White Man's Law
WILCOMB E. WASHBURN
Scribner's, $7.95

The Search for an Indian Identity: Modern Pan-Indian Movements
HAZEL W. HERTZBERG
Syracuse University Press, $12

American Indian Almanac
JOHN UPTON TERRELL
World, $15

North American Indians in Historical Perspective
ELEANER BURKE LEACOCK & NANCY OSTREICH LURIE, Eds.
Random House, $14

The First Hundred Years of Nino Cochise
CIYE "NINO" COCHISE
Abelard-Schuman, $9.95

The Fourth World of the Hopis
HAROLD COURLANDER
Crown, $6.95

Fig Tree John
EDWIN CORLE
Liveright, $6.95 (Paper, $2.45)

The Death of the Great Spirit: An Elegy for the American Indian
EARL SHORRIS
Simon & Schuster, $6.95

JACK GREGORY & RENNARD STRICKLAND

"[America] is full of grinning, unappeased aboriginal demons, ghosts. . . . Yet one day the demons of America must be placated, the ghosts must be

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

appeased, the Spirit of Place atoned for." D. H. Lawrence

From James Fenimore Cooper's Leather Stocking Tales to Oliver La Farge's *Laughing Boy* there was, as pioneering Indian editor Savoie Lottinville has told us, "scant attention paid the American Indian in biography, in history, and in fiction." This is no longer true. D. H. Lawrence was right. We are haunted by the ghosts of Indians who wander our shores not unlike the ghosts of Hamlet's father stalking the ramparts of Elsinore castle.

The Indian is back. And the publishers have got him. And the talk shows have got him. And the art auction houses have got him. And the professional "do-gooders," and the conservationists, and the ecologists, and the "conservative-rugged-individualists" of the old right, and the "lo-the-poor-Indian" of the new left have all got him. And what has the Indian got? The Indian has gotten the same old shaft, along with the sympathy of Dick Cavett and a whole shelf of new books about himself.

In examining the new Indian books a reviewer is reminded of the children's poem about the blind fellows' descriptions of the elephant. One is tempted to shout, "You can't tell the Indians without a program" or to follow the example of an Indian group which rated recent Hollywood Indian movies as one tomahawk, two tomahawk, three tomahawk, or four tomahawk films.

These books, selected from the current outpouring of Indian works, show that there is no uniform pattern to native studies. The Indian is viewed fictionally, scientifically, historically, analytically, mythologically, anthropologically, not to mention in textbooks, almanacs, memoirs, and movement studies. Most of the books herein considered are excellent studies which themselves illustrate the approaches which current writers are taking in their search for the "original American."

Do not be discouraged by the "too cute" title and the rather insipid dust jacket *Big Brother's Indian Programs—with Reservations*. Beneath this ghastly exterior, this analysis from the Center for Manpower Studies of Georgetown University is the most valuable single book on the modern American Indian and what White Men so arrogantly call "the plight of the Red Man." In fact, the book is probably the only really objective study of "the delivery of contemporary government programs for residents of Indian reservations." The actual programs and procedures are reported without that kind of self-righteous moralizing we have come to read in the typical Indian polemics. Levitan and Hetrick have proven once again that an honest, rational, and soundly conceived policy interpretation may be the best argument for change.

Geronimo: A Biography is quite a contrast to the Georgetown study. This is a biography from the dream-world of nineteenth century Indian literature. Alexander Adams has written an old-style portrait that is an interesting and often exciting story recreating the "savage, cunning, and ferocious" Geronimo myth. This is an adventure narrative of the first-order but not "the definitive biography of this extraordinary leader" which the publishers proclaim it to be.

A. M. Gibson's *The Chickasaws* is a truly splendid book—an excellent example of ethnohistory. In fact, this may be the finest single volume history of a North American Indian tribe. The book is recommended not so much for an insight into this particular tribe but for an overview of the treatment of Indian tribes generally as illustrated by the history of one specific tribe. *The Chicasaws* is a model for the Indian historian who seeks to integrate tribal traditions with documentary accounts.

What Gibson does for the Chickasaws Wilcomb E. Washburn does for the whole sweep of American Indian history. *Red Man's Land—White Man's Law* is a brilliant synthesis of the history of the legal status of the American Indian. The work is more, far more, than just a first-rate scholarly analysis. This is a book which can truly be described as definitive. The author has read well and deep into the sources—intellectual, political, and social—which illuminate the centuries of White manipulation of Red institutions.

The Search for an American Indian Identity: Modern Pan-Indian Movements is beautifully focused upon a rather narrow but important historical period from about the turn of the century until the early New Deal. A well researched study on a fresh aspect of Indian history is as welcome as it is rare. This book will be invaluable to Indian specialists as well as students of other minority movements. In this volume Mrs. Hertzberg traces the early stirrings of twentieth-century pan-Indianism. We hope she will produce a second volume bringing her history down to the present. The book is not for those with only a casual interest in, or knowledge of, things Indian.

American Indian Almanac is ideally suited to the more casual "Indian buff." The title is a bit misleading in that this is not really an almanac of Indians generally but of Indians in the pre-historic period. The digest of tribal information is brief but thorough. As John Upton Terrell explains his goal: "It was to tell, in what may be termed everyday language, as much as I could . . . about the peoples who inhabited the region of the United States up to the beginning of the historic period." His purpose is more than fulfilled in a work which will be of great value and tremendous pleasure to the layman and specialist.

North American Indians in Historical Perspective is a collection of anthropological papers with emphasis upon "recent Indian history and its exemplification of constantly emerging ways of dealing and adapting to new circumstances." The anthology resulted from extended American-Soviet cooperation and is a prime example of the merging of diverse methods, viewpoints, and styles into a book which creates a remarkably clear picture of the Indian. The book contains just the right amount of the general and the specific, the modern and the historic. The well-balanced editorial scheme makes the work ideal as a text or for the individual who is a serious student of Indian life.

Students of the life of the American Indian recognize the need for the recorded memoirs of contemporary In-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dians. It is axiomatic that with the passage of time the contemporary becomes historical. *The First Hundred Years of Nino Cochise* is a collection of the "recollections" of one of the oldest Apaches. This "untold story of an Apache Chief" is superior in all respects to the best-selling *Memoirs of Chief Red Fox* but could have been even more valuable if more balanced topics were considered. In the past two years we have personally witnessed the passing of two of our key Choctaw and Seminole informants. We continue to ask ourselves what insights were missed because we ignored the potential of oral history. The reflections of Nino Cochise have not been missed. Books like this are a reminder to us that field recordings of those Indians with insights into "the ways" must be undertaken immediately and that the results, when published, can be both entertaining and enlightening.

The Fourth World of the Hopi, a collection of Hopi legends and traditions, helps us define the reality of an Indian way. Such myths provide a remarkable insight into a people's way of thinking. Properly recorded, as in this collection, mythical aspects of a culture are more than children's tales. Indian stories are an important and little known aspect of our American heritage. This book, and others equally well-executed, deserve to be read and taught as the literature of America. It is a cultural tragedy that the Brothers Grimm, Hans Christian Andersen, and Mother Goose are better known to Americans than the tales of her natives.

Fig Tree John is a reissue of an "Indian Novel" written by Edwin Corle and originally published in 1934. The book is not the equal of Scott Momaday's *House Made of Dawn* but is superior in many respects to most of the fiction written about the American Indian. This account of the great struggle between the cultures of Red and White America provides the sort of understanding which normally comes only from long periods of association with the Indian life. *Fig Tree John* is deserving of republication and a worthy addition to our literature about the American Indian. Certainly the struggle is epic and the style worthy of the theme.

Although we are forced to reject his thesis of *The Death of the Great Spirit,* we recommend Earl Shorris' book as a kaleidoscopic portrait, a vivid and personal narrative of the world of the twentieth-century Indian. Shorris' Indians are more than cardboard figures of the vanishing American on the buffalo nickel. The author is obviously a talented journalist and storyteller who brings his reader into the highly improbable world of the modern Indian. In response to his "Elegy for the American Indian," one is tempted to repeat Mark Twain's famous quip about the exaggeration of the reports of his death. For we have lamented the passing of the Indian and his "true spirit" for more than three hundred years. In our collection of Indian documents is a 1760 broadside on "The Death of the Cherokee." The Indian, and especially his Indian spirit, is far more resilient than Shorris is willing to admit. Rather than death, the Indian spirit seems to be experiencing resurrection.

We might consider, in closing, the title which Dee Brown selected for what has become the most popular of the Indian books. We are asked, in a line from Stephen Vincent Benet, to *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee.* We suspect that the American people would do so gladly. But the Indian, or rather his spirit or ghost, will not stay buried, even at Wounded Knee. Lawrence was right about the demon spirit of the aboriginal.

Vine Deloria, Jr. suggests that our books bitterly and self-righteously chastize our white ancestors for their treatment of the ancient Indian while we devise new versions of their old practices with which to treat the modern Indian. Our books alone, even our sympathetic books, are not enough to appease the aboriginal demons, to placate the ghosts. For one must remember that Helen Hunt Jackson wrote *Century of Dishonor* in 1881 in a period before we had even heard of a place called Wounded Knee where they came for what they called the Dance of the Ghosts.

Three Popes and the Cardinal

MALACHI MARTIN

Farrar, Straus $7.95

FRANCIS X. MURPHY

Malachi Martin's *Three Popes and the Cardinal* is a phenomenon that resembles nothing so much as the current attempt by cineasts to abolish the stern march of chronology and the rigid demands of logical sequence in historical discourse. The book is a tour-de-force in trilogy form wherein an ecclesiastical stream-of-consciousness is superimposed on a sociological framework and buttressed by observations and assertions that reflect the author's closeness to the conciliar scene in its earlier phases.

The authentic history of Vatican Council II will only be written after the appearance of the memoirs and papers of the men who played dynamic roles in that momentous assembly. Without the personal witness of the chief architects and their recollections, an official version of the Council's proceedings will prevail, offset only in part by the journalistic efforts of the instant historians such as Antoine Wenger, René Laurentin, Bonaventura Kloppenburg and Xavier Rynne. Thus the appearance of Malachi Martin's *Three Popes* aroused momentary hopes that new insights might be available from the viewpoint of Cardinal Agostino Bea whose confidence Malachi enjoyed during the first two sessions of the Council. It is with genuine regret that from the outset it must be said that not only does *Three Popes* not supply any such enlightenment, but it adds to the more than sufficient confusion surrounding the early demarches of Pope John in inaugurating the Council.

One phase of the book is the author's attempt to record impressions of Cardinal Bea in his attitude toward the three popes—Pius XII, John XXIIII and Paul VI—whom he served on an intimate basis. Despite some familiarity with the background, activities and personality of all three popes, the present reviewer found great difficulty following

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some Religious Books: In Brief

ELLIOTT WRIGHT

Time Invades the Cathedral: Tensions in the School of Hope, Walter H. Capps, Fortress, $3.75 (paper)

Back in the late 1960s, the "theology of hope" advanced by a small group of Germans—chiefly Jürgen Moltmann and Johannes Metz—was one phenomenon we journalists tried in filling the void left when "death of God" was exhausted. As exciting journalism, hope fizzled. The thought of Moltmann and Metz is too philosophical and abstractly sociological for the press, but it won a place in the pantheon of modern theological alternatives.

Of numerous books attempting to explain the why and how of hope, as well as the differences among exponents, Walter Capps has written one of the best. The opaque title comes from a line from Ernst Bloch, the Marxist revisionist who has influenced the hope school and who stresses the importance of both time, a horizontal moving force, and vertical reality, which he symbolizes with the cathedral, in structuring society.

Capps' language in coming to grips with Moltmann, Metz and Bloch is as lucid as dialectics will allow. The author himself goes beyond the images of horizontal and vertical to speak of what hope means to people in society, and that part of the book is probably more useful to Americans than his explications of German schematics.

Black Christian Nationalism: New Directions for the Black Church, Albert B. Cleage, Jr., William Morrow, $8.95 ($3.45, paper)

Albert Cleage holds that God is black; the ancient Israelites and Jesus also black, and only a black Messiah theology can lead to black liberation in America. He claims the church is the only institution blacks have and he presents a plan for ridding the black church of "slave theology," including the mandate to love everybody, so it can carry on in the steps of Malcolm X. Cleage wants black counter-institutions to white systems, an end to heaven-oriented black religion and vigorous confrontation with the white "enemy."

Pastor of Detroit's Shrine of the Black Madonna (Protestant), Cleage is justly militant for his people. His books and articles are intriguing, yet I have doubts that Black Christian Nationalism is the route most blacks will take in their struggle for liberation: It is almost too religious in an era where secular pragmatism is handier than myth as the foundation for seeking selfhood and demanding justice.

Christianity in the Twentieth Century, John A. Hardon, S.J., Doubleday, $9.95

In just over 500 pages, John Hardon accomplishes the admirable feat of capsuling the Christian history of the past seven decades as it relates to political, social and scientific sources. The narrative is necessarily slim in places, especially on Protestant evangelicals in America, and I always marvel when scholars overlook something so obvious and bullish. On the whole, Hardon gives a good account of global Catholicism, Orthodoxy and Protestantism; ecumenism, and how science and psychology have affected faith. An underlying awareness is the need for communication across traditional lines, among churches and between religion and culture.

I wish Hardon had omitted his first sentence. Although he wisely did not try, the author says it is "quite possible" to write a history of Christianity in this century without reference to secular events. That is patently untrue. Just attempt it!

Liberating Our White Ghetto, Joseph Barndt, Augsburg, $2.95 (paper)

Malcolm Boyd once told me that Stokely Carmichael told him that white people who want to help blacks should work to overcome racism in their own communities. Joseph Barndt has taken such advice to heart, mixed it with the admonition that all have sinned and written a "one white racist to another" tract on how individuals and groups can fight overt and systematic prejudice. He succeeds rather well, especially in demolishing the value of guilt-for-guilt's sake, exploding paternalism and exposing racist niches in everyday life.

The book is a study document, presumably for white congregations of the American Lutheran Church. I hope users don't neglect to talk with some live black people.

The Shape of Religious Instruction, James Michael Lee, Pflaum, $9.95 (paper)

Anyone interested in "catechetics," "Christian education" or just plain "religious education" should have already read James Michael Lee, who teaches at Notre Dame. Defining education as "the broad process whereby a person learns something" and instruction as the "process by and through which learning is caused," Lee uses social science instead of dogmatics (Catholic or Protestant) in discussing the goals of religious instruction. Therefore, he would put theology at the service of social science, not to desacralize but to let agrec have a go at empiricism.

Lee does not think a "Christian teaching-learning process" is any more possible than "Christian farming" or "Christian dentistry." The author may not be entirely right in his theory—social science and intense professionalism are not alien to all religious instruction and have caused some problems—still the book should be required of all involved in religious training, from bishops to kindergarten teachers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the sequence of ideas and evaluating the assertions regarding their policies and motives. Even within the circumscribed world of *Vaticana minora* captured by a Silvio Negri for a bygone generation, one could quarrel with much of Martin's testimony.

He insists, for example, that the Pacelli myth was indelibly fastened to a *Romanitá* "central to whose conception of the world was Rome, the Roman version of Christianity, the awesome authority of a sacristy built over the bones of the Galilean . . ." This assertion is oblivious of a famous speech delivered by Pius XII in 1948 when he grievously offended the Roman curia by stating flatly that should the Dome of St. Peter's crumble, and the majestic walls of the Vatican vanish, the Church would not be in the least impeded in its universal mission. As regards the "bones of St. Peter," it was precisely Pope Pius who had authorized the courageous excavations underneath the Vatican basilica, only to reject the claims for authenticity for the skeletal remains found in the niche in the Red Wall over what was most probably the burial place of the prince of the apostles.

Of Pius XII, no one can write authentically without acknowledging the magnetism of his person as experienced by the vast majority of visitors who made their way to the Vatican as pilgrims, sightseers, or guests privileged with a private audience between 1943 and his death in 1958. Nor can the measure of the man be taken without recalling the prodigious character of his pronouncements in almost every sphere of human interest. This is not to suggest that he was beyond criticism even in the strictly juridical or diplomatic order where his talents lay; nor is it oblivious of the impossibly complicated judgments to be passed by history on his handling of the Jewish massacres. Nevertheless, the remark of an Irish pastor recently commenting on the present state of religion in Ireland should help bring into focus the stature of the man. "In Ireland, now," he said, "nothing has validity unless one can quote the pope—and for the Irish, that pontiff is still Pius XII."

For all his concern with Pius, Malachi Martin does not bring out the essential fact that without the theological changes the Pacelli pope authorized, from scripture exegesis to canonical reevaluation, John's Council would not have gotten off the ground. Pius attempted singlehandedly to reinterpret much of tradition. He failed. But in the effort he opened up the essential questions that the Council finally got its hands on. Whether John recognized this service performed by his predecessor as the essential precondition for reform that it was is uncertain. I tend to think that he did; and I disagree thoroughly with the author when he says of John that "he could not seesaw back and forth from one end of history to the other." It was actually John's boast that "history is the great teacher" that gave him the courage to inaugurate the Council and the incidental chaos to which he knew it would be catalyst.

A recurrent assertion of the book is that Pope John was in search of an Event, and that, in his expectation of a direct intervention of the Spirit to create a factual Second Pentecost, John proved a dismal failure. Anyone who saw Pope John being carried across the Piazza of St. Peter's at 8:15 A.M. on October 11, 1962, as his council actually began, and then heard him deliver the magnificent discourse with which he inaugurated that incredible assembly knows that John did experience the Event. The event was a success and it was engineered by the Spirit in whose presence John lived so unobtrusively.

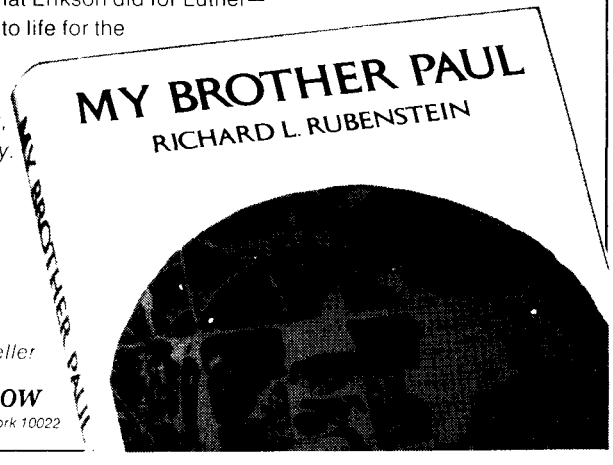
An indication of the reason to Martin's miscalculation regarding the success of John's Event comes to the surface with his evaluation of the Roman Synod of 1960. Generally conceded to have been a show-case and failure, the Synod had one substantial effect. When John was challenged by the canon law professors of the Roman universities who complained bitterly that the 754 synodal canons were not law, John replied: "It may not be law in your book; but it is in mine. And I am the pope." The die was cast; and the proof

Paul: Christian saint. Jewish "traitor." His experience is part of us all.

Paul's view of Christ and his message must be experienced by everyone in the West—Christian or Jew. So says the author of *After Auschwitz* in a controversial portrait which sees Paul as a revolutionary Jewish mystic whose insights often anticipate twentieth-century psychoanalysis.

"The argument is plain: That Paul and his version of Christianity made manifest what was latent in Judaism without in any way being anti-Semitic, but rather by psychically fulfilling the Jewish heritage."—*David L. Miller, Syracuse University.*

"Does for Paul what Erikson did for Luther—makes him come to life for the modern mind."
—*Sam Keen, Consulting Editor, Psychology Today.*



$5.95 at your bookseller
Harper & Row
10 East 53rd St., New York 10022
1817

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of it was incorporated in canon 35 written in John's own hand, that prescribed a totally new attitude in the treatment of priests who had departed their calling. Hitherto, particularly in Italy, shunned as *vitandi*, they were restored by John to the dignity of Christians worthy of recognition and aid.

As for Pope Paul, the final pages of the book furnish a surprisingly percipient and benevolent appreciation of the reigning pontiff. Coming from the pen of the author of *The Pilgrim*, this indicates a great growth in judgment regarding the truly revolutionary accomplishments of the present pontiff. There is no doubt that historians will have to provide a totally different perspective for judging Paul's achievements whose magnitude has been foreshortened so terribly by several of his decisions affecting the immediate order in the Church. These will certainly be seen to have been of minimal consequence, though the occasion for great agonizing on the part of millions of the faithful as well as of the pontiff himself.

Between Malachi Martin's Louvain education, his theological training and Roman experience he seems now to have inserted the interstices of sociological omnicompetence. Thus he employs numerous mechanistic stratagems to illustrate movements and sociological sequences in the ecclesial order. He is much better when he sticks to straight history, as he does in the intermediary section of the book tracing theological development from the primitive Church to Trent.

It is when he indulged a Joycean (see page 209 for the clue) semantic omniscience that he lost me; and, to my confusion, this happened frequently as I tried to unravel his message, savor his style, and enjoy the rare flashes of the charm whose peripheral presence during the first two sessions of Vatican Council II proved such a joy to prelates and journalists who knew him. To my amazement, I also seem to have detected a streak of Jansenism in his resentment of openings to the left in doctrinal and moral matters in the post-Johannine church.

Maybe now that he has this (for me) nightmarish experience out of his system, Malachi Martin might favor us with the fascinating information and authentic observations that he once dispensed with such obvious glee under the shadow of that incomparable Jesuit Cardinal, Agostino Bea.

The Closing Circle

BARRY COMMONER

Knopf, $6.95

Encounter with the Archdruid

JOHN McPHEE

Farrar, Straus, $6.95

In Defense of People

RICHARD NEUHAUS

Macmillan, $6.95

VICTOR C. FERKISS

Despite the social backgrounds of many of its supporters, despite some of their overt statements, the ecological movement is intrinsically the most radical movement of our time. It rejects the dualistic, anti-nature bias of our dominant religious and cultural beliefs, it attacks the legitimacy of economic institutions oriented toward profit and unlimited growth, and in its life-or-death, now-or-never statement of the issues before us calls into question the capacity and value of our melioristic, compromise-bound liberal political institutions. Three recent books, in different ways, underline the radical nature of the movement's challenge to our current ways of life and thought.

In *The Closing Circle* biologist Barry Commoner repeats the by-now familiar claims that the world is on the eve of destruction: we have perhaps fifty years before it is too late to turn back—before pollution in its widest sense makes it impossible to sustain large-scale human life on the globe. The laws of ecology that everything is connected to everything else, that everything must go somewhere, and that nature knows best are apolitical in that they admit of no choice on our part; they are take-it-or-leave-it statements, they cannot be altered by compromise. Although somewhat less apocalyptic than the M.I.T. computer scientists who are predicting a massive die-back of world population by the year 2020, the developments that Commoner foresees are dire enough, even if they do not quite add up to the end of the world, and his message is clear—repent or perish.

The Closing Circle is an important book. Not simply because it is the most readable, balanced and humane statement to date of an essentially sound position—that we are in more danger than perhaps our minds can really recognize or our political systems cope with—but because, better than any similar work, it points directly to the source of our problems and, by implication, to the means for their solution.

Commoner disagrees fundamentally and sometime bitingly with such ecological prophets as Paul Ehrlich and Garrett Hardin who argue either that the root of our trouble is that there are too many people in the world or coming into it or that the environmental destruction which threatens the earth's life-support system is largely the result of rising living standards. He clearly recognizes population growth as a contributing factor which must be halted in time—he is in fact somewhat overoptimistic as to the degree to which population size is self-regulating—but he points out that in the United States and elsewhere the rate of growth of pollution far outstrips that of population. He knows many Americans especially are living too high on the hog for the world's good but holds that the increasing degradation of the environment is not primarily a function of growth in real incomes. As a scientist he argues trenchantly that the real villain is technology, not technology as such but the particular kinds of technology that have expanded or developed since World War II—plastics, leaded gasoline, detergents, DDT and so on. Why have these particular technologies been introduced? Not primarily because they were needed to feed or clothe people better but because they were highly profitable to private industry and there

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was no social mechanism for judging or controlling them. Though he shrinks from spelling out the full moral of this argument, the implications are clear. If, as he argues, ensuring that our grandchildren have a decent world to live in requires the existence of social mechanisms that will control technological innovation and use for the public good, then all nations—capitalist and socialist alike—can expect to undergo a major social, economic and political revolution.

But survival is not the only issue which makes revolution urgent. There are (and, if revolution is to take place, must be) spiritual motivations for change as well. Though not nearly so well known, David Brower ranks with Ralph Nader as one of the few authentic heroes of contemporary American life. He has been the prime mover in turning the traditional wilderness-oriented conservation movement into a major factor in a revolutionary—ultimately religious—movement directed against the dominant American way of life. *Encounters with the Archdruid* pictures Brower journeying through the wilderness, arguing with what McPhee's subtitle aptly calls the conservationists' three natural enemies—a mining engineer, a resort developer and a dam builder. McPhee's sketches are balanced and humane: no one is a villain; the enemies all score their points; and on occasion Brower seems an obstinate fanatic. But it becomes clear where the deepest truth lies and that Brower, like Nader and the Berrigans, must be judged not as a sage but as a prophet. Beyond the issue of humanity's physical survival lies the question of what kind of world we will survive to dwell in; what kind of human beings we would be in a mechanized plasticized universe once nature had died.

Long-time social activist and critic Richard Neuhaus is not buying any of this. Ecology is an evil movement, led by selfish men, who hate people and wish to destroy *the* revolution, toward which Neuhaus has a highly proprietary attitude. His attitude toward the population problem parallels Brent Bozell's allegation that demography is a sin; and he views ecology not simply as a cop-out, as he does the counterculture, but a WASPish, business-sponsored conspiracy against the poor at home and abroad.

Some of Neuhaus' argument is theological: since the blacks did not originate the ecological movement it cannot come from God (a position which gives him considerable trouble when it comes to defending the anti-war movement). Some of his argument—the worst part—focuses on the merits of the ecologists' case. He dismisses predictions of disaster out of hand and holds that environmental questions are mere "housekeeping" problems. Neuhaus' objections to a concern with ecology are above all political. The ecological movement is a "seduction" of radicalism and must be fought for the sake of the underprivileged.

Much of what Neuhaus says is insightful, clever and compassionate, but more of it is unfair, uninformed and morally self-indulgent. Basically he is wrong on two counts: the problem is more real than he thinks and as things get worse they will hit Williamsburg just as hard as, if not harder than Scarsdale. Moreover his line is politically self-destructive. Poverty may be a curable disease, even on a world scale, though whether Neuhaus' theology would enable him to embrace such a statement is doubtful. But until now at least the poor we have always had with us. Convincing those middle- and upper-class ecological freaks they are wrong, even if true, is unlikely to make them any more concerned about social

REVIEWERS

EDWARD T. CHASE is editor-in-chief of The New American Library.

RENNARD STRICKLAND, the author of *Cherokee Law Ways* (U. of Oklahoma Press), is an associate professor of law at St. Mary's University in Texas.

JACK GREGORY is Director of Forensics at the University of West Florida.

FATHER FRANCIS X. MURPHY, C.S.S.R., is Visiting Professor in the Department of Politics at Princeton.

ELLIOTT WRIGHT is the author of *The Big Little School* (Harpers).

VICTOR C. FERKISS, the author of *Technological Man*, is professor of government at Georgetown.

The contemporary novel as a source of spiritual values

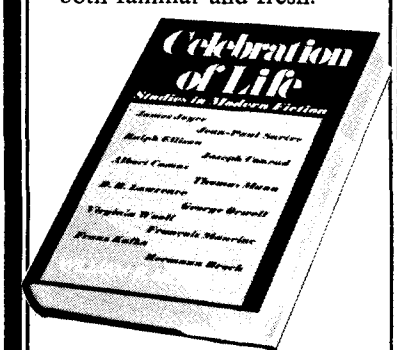
Celebration of Life

STUDIES IN MODERN FICTION

by William R. Mueller

A perceptive, deeply personal examination of twelve novels and what they show about – and for – today. Among the books are Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man;* Sartre's *Nausea;* Mann's *Buddenbrooks;* Orwell's *1984;* Ellison's *Invisible Man;* Conrad's *Nostromo;* Virginia Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway;* Camus' *The Plague;* D. H. Lawrence's *The Rainbow.*

In them, Professor Mueller, Chairman of the English Department at Goucher College, finds a striking common denominator: their "insistence upon the wondrous, nearly incredible degree of human endurance." On each book, he provides enriching observations. As he discusses them, the books take on new dimensions, reveal aspects both familiar and fresh.



$8.95 at your bookstore, or from

SHEED & WARD
64 University Place
New York 10003

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

injustice. On the other hand, the ecological movement can be, and indeed already is to a large extent, a vehicle for radicalizing the otherwise complacent, for convincing all kinds of people not only that the system may be unjust to those at the bottom but that it won't work and that it threatens the lives and posterity of those at the top.

To reject the ecologically concerned is to reject potentially invaluable allies for any revolution. The path to major social change runs not through self-righteous polemics but through forging an effective coalition for survival and social reform which are intrinsically interdependent, an alliance which must find an as yet unclear path to doing enough to save the future within the framework of ill-equipped, unwieldy and slow-moving liberal political institutions or the strength to wreck them in the attempt.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 275)

cal stamina—lived on raw meat—who succeeded in destroying many of the known centers of civilization in central Europe. Psysiognomical traits: flat-headed, flat-faced, cheek bones sunken or missing, known as faceless faces. Appearance and habits of living suggest the horrible possibility of having descended directly from reptiles. No evidence of having come through primate, et al, stages of evolution. In spite of all this they became fanatical racists, in so far as they can be called a race. Developed the Izan culture. Intermarried with some of the Saxon tribes in England. This could explain the self-consciousness of Victorians about apes."

There it is, Mr. Editor. May I suggest that Mr. Steinfels, who flatters me beyond power of expression by admitting that he has Irish friends, continue his research on apes but not to the exclusion of reptiles. May I also add that, despite his impressive show of learning there is a hint of a tongue-in-cheek treatment of some paragraphs. This is an approach that I abhor, as a scientist. May I ask Steinfels to remember that well-known saying attributed to Confucius: "Man with tongue in cheek often have foot in mouth." With kindest wishes to a fellow anthropologist whose stimulating article has triggered a whole new field of research. It might well be called "The Case of the Missing Apes." JAMES MANGAN

1,000 Schools and Colleges and 300 Public Libraries Are Using the Microfilm Edition of Commonweal

They find it particularly handy for reference in this complete and compact form. Commonweal subscribers may purchase current and past volumes at the following prices:

November, 1924 to March, 1960
4-volume sets (2 years), $22.50 each
Current volumes, March 1960 to date, $5.75 a year (2 vols.)

Address orders and inquiries to:

Xerox University Microfilms
300 N. Zeeb Road
Ann Arbor, Mich. 48106

Reply

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: Mr. Mangan is unfortunately one of several readers who so misread my article as to imagine that I agreed with the anti-Irish prejudice of the Victorian cartoonists and physiognomists whose stereotypes I described. My text made it abundantly clear that I regard these attitudes as pseudo-scientific racism which only added to the suffering of the Irish people during the 19th century. What more can one say? Some people evidently could read the Declaration of Independence and conclude that it was an argument in favor of King George III.

Mr. Mangan's choler has provoked him to a certain inventiveness in writing his letter, even if it does not seem to have facilitated his reading of my column. However, to expedite future research into my ancestry, I might supply a few facts. Mr. Mangan recalls my reference to Irish friends; were he a little less intoxicated with his own bluster, he might have noticed that I referred to friends and *relatives.* Like J. D. Salinger's Glass family, my family happens to be Irish and Jewish, my grandparents having borne the names of Steinfels, Hollahan, McDevitt and Kennedy.

Research on the Jewish side of the family might be hampered by the recent "Izan" destruction of centers of civilization in Central Europe—to which Mr. Mangan so amusingly refers. But if he wishes to continue his pursuit of the rest of my family line, he will have to do it in Ireland. I am sure a scientist of his caliber will be grateful for this information. PETER STEINFELS

Christian Anti-Semitism

New York, N. Y.

To The Editors: The film *The Sorrow and the Pity* incited Peter Steinfels to ask, "So many saw and yet they did not see. Why?" [Apr. 14]

Were it only because many French people did not have the courage to oppose the Nazis openly and face martyrdom for themselves, that would be understandable, considering how few of us here, in this country, feel able just to emulate the Berrigans. But it seems to me that in the case of many French people there was more than this human visceral fear. For many, basic to their absence of reaction regarding the Jewish persecution, was eighteen hundred years of traditional Christian teaching of contempt, as Jules Isaac has called it aptly. It had left, within many people's subconscious, a conditioning which made them—and still makes us—incapable of spontaneous empathy and impartial judgment toward Jewish fate.

It should also be stated, for record accuracy, that the German occupation as presented in the film is a far cry from what it was in reality, with the shooting of hostages, the torture, the ruthless starving of the French, the compulsory rounding up of young Frenchmen for work in Germany, the massacre of the whole population of Oradour, etc., etc.

Given that reign of terror, not adequately presented in the film, it is all the more extraordinary that hundreds of Jews were saved by non-Jews who did endanger their own lives. Even Eichmann complained that it was so

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

difficult to enforce the Final Solution in France because of a general lack of active cooperation.

Be that as it may, the lay people, the priests, the nuns, the Protestant ministers who joined with the Communists and the humanists in the rescue work of the Jews, could not, alas, compensate for the masses' indifference, brainwashed as they had been by a two-millennium Christian tradition.

Peter Steinfels' question echos that of Professor Isaac, "How could it happen in a country Christianized for nearly two thousand years?" The answer is found in *Jesus and Israel.*

CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP

Priests' Councils

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editors: The National Federation of Priests' Councils is disappointed that *Commonweal* chose to bypass coverage of our annual House of Delegates meeting and instead devote space to the negative, single-issue complaints of one of the 208 delegates [Apr. 7].

Our disappointment lies especially in the long history of *Commonweal's* pleading with priests and laity to free themselves of the tight reins of the hierarchy, to take those responsible steps that will help them to make decisions that affect their own lives.

We are convinced that at Denver we gave every indication of moving in that direction, first with the selection of our theme, "Ministry for Justice and Peace: Imperative for Priests/USA," and also in virtually all of the 60 resulting resolutions dealing with war and peace, optional celibacy, ministry to homosexuals, etc.

The article's title itself was misleading: "A Search for Issues." We went to Denver with a very definite issue. Our search was and is to find ways to involve our 130 councils in that issue. Prior to the convention we made no secret of our twofold goal, viz., to conscientiticize the delegates and to provide them with some techniques for implementing proposals made at the convention.

For the article's author to say that the NFPC president or executive board or anyone else had hopes of eliminating associations and then of seeking the paternal protection of the U.S. Catholic Conference is to be short of the facts. At a December executive board meeting the president, Father Frank Bonnike, said: "I believe in discussing openly the possibility of new structures. When you talk survival you are already dead. So, you must constantly evaluate."

In that vein he proposed to the board seven possible alternatives to the present structure. The board chose to keep NFPC as it is, with the exception of permitting supra-diocesan groups like the Black Clergy Caucus and the PADRES to join. Incidentally, the alternative so vehemently renounced by the *Commonweal* author—a national federation of priests' senates, with associations having a voice but no vote—is the present model in the church of Canada, one unanimously preferred by associations in that nation. This model goes far beyond the one proposed by the Boston and Newark senates at the recent NFPC convention.

For the past two years the right-wing Catholic press has taken a single issue (optional celibacy) to rake NFPC. That kind of one-sidedness we can accept. We consider it out of character for *Commonweal* to act in the same way.

(REV.) FRANCIS F. BROWN
Director, Public Relations
National Federation of Priests' Councils

Reply

Chicago, Ill

To the Editors: In response to Father Brown's letter about my article, I have only the following to say. *Commonweal* asked me before the Denver Convention to write an article for them based on my impressions of the three-day meeting. The article I wrote proposed my reactions to the week in Denver. The NFPC has every right to disagree with my opinions which they have frequently done in the past. But I still have a right to express my views and they have a need to respect this right.

Secondly, Father Brown accuses me of being short of the facts. I challenge him to point out any factual error in my article. (Sorry, there is one. I stated that there were 207 delegates and there were actually 208.)

Finally, I believe strongly in independent priests' councils and that is why I react strongly to even the slightest hint of a marriage between NFPC and the NCCB. The cost of independence is sometimes high but as I said in my article the best reason for the continuance of the NFPC is that it is unofficial and independent.

(REV.) LAURENCE F. MADDOCK
Association of Chicago Priests

Classified

Biblical Institute

• BIBLICAL INSTITUTE, Trinity College, Burlington, Vermont 05401. JUNE 18-23. Anderson, Bennett, Cathcart, Collins, Duncker, Murphy-O'Connor. Write: Director.

Vacations

• VERMONT gourmet vacations. Secluded pioneer inn. Brochure. TROLLHAUGEN FARM, Newfane, Vt. 05345. Phone: 802-365-7635.

Liturgical Week

• NEW ENGLAND LITURGICAL COMMITTEE presents Godfrey Diekmann, John Giuliani, Aidan Kavanaugh, John McCall, Shawn Sheehan, August 27-30, Cranwell School, Lenox, Mass. 02140. Write: LITURGICAL WEEK.

Youth Ministry

• DYNAMIC, creative and experienced priest or brother to head very active parish office of Youth Ministry in Connecticut. Send resume and request for job description to: Box 519, Commonweal.

Classified Rates

Per word (single insertion) 50c
Per word, 3 times 48c
Per word, 7 times 45c
Per word, 13 times 42c

Twelve words minimum.

For box numbers at Commonweal add 50c per insertion.

Classified payable with order, monthly in advance for more than 3 times.

Commonweal
232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016

An Ideal Wedding,

Graduation or

Ordination Gift—

A Subscription

to Commonweal

1 Year, $14 *Two Years, $26*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Did You Miss . . .

- *Edward Duff* on The Harrisburg Trial
- *Richard B. Du Boff* and *Edward S. Herman* on Corporate Dollars & Foreign Policy
- *Kilian McDonnell* on Catholic Charismatics
- *Armand Schwab, Jr.* on Saving the Environment
- Symposium on the Nixon China trip
- *John Horgan* on The Trouble in Ireland
- *Nicolaus Mills* on Busing: Who's Being Taken for a Ride?
- *Douglass McFerran* on Black Con III
- *Murray Polner* on The Vietnam Vet
- *Maurice Berube* on The End of School Reform

. . . in the most recent issues of Commonweal?

For political, cultural and religious insights of a similar caliber, send coupon, save 55% of single-copy price.

17 Issues for $3

FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS ONLY

COMMONWEAL, 232 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10016

Please send the next 17 issues to:

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip Code_____

☐ I prefer the regular one-year subscription at $14. 5/26/72

412

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED